

They Picked the Wrong Girl

Chapter 3

I had been such a coward in the past that this sudden reaction left everyone stunned.

Eric stared at me, his voice tight with anger as he swung his hand towards my face and said, "Take it out on Sherman all you want, but what did Regina ever do to deserve that? Why would you..."

"Eric!"

Mrs. Hemingway's sharp yell cut through the room, halting Eric mid-swing.

His clenched fist dropped, and he looked at me, furious and confused.

Regina, meanwhile, looked like a frightened little rabbit, teary-eyed as she tried to calm him down.

"Eric, don't! You haven't hit anyone in so long. Don't break your promise. I'm okay!"

Eric scowled and put his hands down.

The next moment, he picked Regina up and set her gently on the bed.

"Why are you wearing heels that high? You're going to make everyone worry."

Then he turned to me, gaze cold, like I was some unhinged stranger.

I let out a small, bitter laugh.

Just last month, I went to see his match live. During the match, I twisted my ankle by accident, and he had brushed it off with, "Jen, when did you get so soft?"

Then, without hesitation, he dragged me out of the car by my collar and tossed me

onto the emergency lane.

"If you get hurt that easily, just train harder."

I sat there with a swollen ankle, the skin red and shiny.

I limped nearly five kilometers before a kind stranger stopped to help me.

He said I was "soft", but he did not know that I was juggling work while staying up three nights straight just to level up his game account.

I wore heels to look my best for him at the venue, even when I was half-asleep...

And he forgot that day was also my birthday.

After I got home and rested for two days, I did not get so much as a text from him.

That was when it finally hit me that I meant nothing.

So I disappeared.

And just like I thought, not one of them bothered to reach out.

No one really noticed I was gone.

Even if I suddenly announced I was engaged, so what? It would not matter to them.

I quietly took a step back, ready to slip out of the ward.

Sherman caught on first.

I just slapped him, yet he acted like it never happened.

"Come on, Jenny, we're all friends here. Don't be petty, come help Regina with her flowers...

"Didn't you take that flower arrangement course? If any of us need a gardener someday, we'll know who to call."

Crude jokes, as usual.

He always assumed I would just play along.

I glanced at the bedside table—my sunflowers had been shoved to the side.

Regina's bouquet of vibrant red roses, completely out of place in the sterile white ward, sat proudly at the center.

"Do whatever you want," I said, forcing a smile at Mrs. Hemingway. "I'll come visit you tomorrow."

you tomorrow."

As I turned to leave, I heard Regina's sugary voice behind me, "Oh no! The necklace Eric gave me is tangled in my hair."

Then came the quick shuffle of three men rushing to help, and Sherman laughing, "You're such a klutz!"

Down the hallway, a breeze from an open window carried away some of the harsh scent of antiseptic.

I touched the cheap ring on my finger—a plastic diamond, two bucks tops.

But the engagement? That part was real.